LADY ATHLYNE

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whilst the abnormally receptive body quivered in unison. It was a danger-

ous condition of being in which to face

the situation which awaited him.

The sound of the opened shutter wakened him, fully and all at once. The moment his eyes opened he saw a figure between him and the window;

egone, or otherwise altered to sul that common denominator of Human Nature while alone it officially cata-

logued in the records of the Just. It were as though the recorded promise of two love-stricken sufferers, followed by the formal blessings of the Church

in any of its differentiations—or of the Registrar—should change baser mort-

sought for, was expected to change baser metals to gold.

Perhaps it is because this transmutation is so complete that so many of those marriages which the Church does sanctify turn out so differently from the anticipations of the contractors and blescore!

But Dame Nature has her own church and her own ritual. In her case the Blessing comes before the Ser-vice; and the Benediction is but the

vice; and the Benediction is but the official recognition that two souls—with their attendant bodies—have found a perfect communion for themselves. Those who believe in Hugaan Nature—and many of them are seriously minded people too—realize and are thankful for the goodness of God who showers the possibilities of happiness with no stinting and no uncertain hand. "After all" they say "what about Eden?" There was no church's blessing there—not even a Registrar;

about Eden?" There was no church's blessing there—not even a Registrar; and yet we hold that Adam and Eve were united in Matrimony. Nor were their children or their children's children made with organized formality What was if then that on these occasions stood between fornication and marriage? What could it be but the Blessing of God! And if God could make marriage by His Blessing in Eden, when did He forego that power. Or if indeed there be only a "Civil Contract"—as so many told to-day—what proofs or writings must there be

what proofs or writings must there be beyond that mere "parole" contract which is recognized in such matters by

the Law of the Land. So the believers in natural religion

and natural law-those who do not hold that personal license, unchecked and boundless, is an appanage or logic

result of freedom. To these, freedom is in itself a state bounded on all sides by restrictive laws—as must ever be unless Anarchy is held to be the ulti-

mate and controlling force. And in the end Anarchy is the denial of all

Cosmic law-that systematised con-geries of natural forces working in

harmony to a common end.

harmony to a common end.

But law, Cosmic or Anarchic, (if there be such a thing and it may be that Hell—if there is one—has its own laws—) or any grade between these opposites, is a matter for coolness and reflection. Inter arms silent leges is a maxim of co-ordinate rulings in the Court of Cosmic law. And the principle holds whether the arms be opposed or locked together in any form

posed or locked together in any form of passion. When Love lifts the souls

whose bodies are already in earthly communion, Law ceases to be. From the altitude of accomplished serenity the mightiest law is puny; just as from a balloon the earth looks flat, and even steeples and towers have no

So it was with the two young people clasped in each other's arms. The world they lived in at the moment was

their world, bounded only by the com-pass of their arms. After all what more did they want—what could they want. They were together and alone. Shame was not for them, or to them.

who loved with all their hearts-whos

who loved with all their hearts—whose souls already felt as one. For shame, which is a conventional ordering of the blood, has no place—not even a servitor's—in the House of Love: that palace where resigns the love of husbandhood and wifehood, of fatherhood

tion of pres

"To take them myself! Moreover it won't be any harm my being present in case the Colonel gets on the ramp
She remembered also that the next age. It will restrain him some. Now you go and lie down, dear. Don't say anything J—except your prayers—in case you feel you must say something. But sleep will be your best help in this pretty tough proposition. Fill go and get a hustle on that Dutch landlord. He's got to find an automobile and a chauffeur, and a pilot if necessary.

She remembered also that the next room, through which she had entered, had windows on two sides. Those on one side opened as did her own; but those on the other side looked out on an open space. And so, without further thought, she opened the door between and passed into the outer room. It too, like her own, was dark from the closed shutters. Instinctively she went softly, her bare feet making no

CHAPTER XIX.

Declaration of War. Joy Ogilvie was so tired out that her bod- lay like a log all night. How her mind was occupied she only knew aft-erwards. For the memory of dreams an unconscious memory of dreams an unconscious memory at the time; it is only when there is opportunity of comparison with actualities that dreams can be re-produced. Then, as at first, the dreams are real—as they are forever whilst memory lasts. Indeed regarding dreams and actualities one might almost appeal to scientific deed regarding dreams and actualities one might almost appeal to scientific analogy; and in comparing the world of imagination—which is the kingdom of dreams—with the material world, might adduce the utterance of Sir Oliver Lodge in comparing the density of aether with that of matter in the modern scientific view; "Matter is turning out to be a filmy thing in comparison with aether."

That might well serve as a scientific comparison. Nay more, it might well be an induction. The analogies of nature are so marvellously constant, as the long darkness of fog and night, she threw open the heavy shutters. Athlyne slept so sound that he never stirred. He lay on the sofa on his left sold with his face out to the room. He too had been dreaming; and to his dreams the happiness of the day had brought a vivifying light. Through all his weariness of mind and body came to his spirit the glow of those moments when he knew that his love was reciprocated; when his call to his mate had been answered—answered in no uncertain voice. And so he, too, had lain with bodily nature all quiescent, whilst the emotional side of his mind raged

ture are so marvellously constant, as exemplified by the higher discoveries in physics, that we might easily wander farther than in taking the inner world of Thought as compared with the outer world of Physical Being, as an analogy to the Seen and Unseen worlds.

In the meantime we may take it that loy's dreams that night were in some way reflective of the events of the day way reflective of the events of the day no girl of healthy emotional power could fail to be influenced by such a sequence of experiences of passion and fear as she had gone through. The realized hoping of love, the quick-answering abandonment of expressed passion; long, long minutes of the bliss of communion with that other soulminutes whose sweetness or whose inutes whose sweetness or whose ininutes whose sweetness or whose length could not be computed until the leisure of thought gave opportunity. Unconscious cerebration goes on unceasingly; and be sure that with such data as she had in her mind, the working of imagination were quick and by no means cold. Again she lived the moments of responsive passion; but so lived them that she had advanced further on the road to completed passion when her unconsciousness to physical surroundings began to disappear and on the senses the actualities began to consciously impress themselves. The dawn, stealing in between the chinks of the folded shutters, made strange lines on the floor without piercing through the walls of sleep. The myriad sounds of waking life from distant field and surrounding street brought no message to the closed eyes of weariness. The sun rose, and rose and rose; and still she lay there unmoving.

At last that unaccountable impulse which moves all living things to sentience at the ending of sleep, stirred her. The waking grew on her. At first, when her eyes partially opened, she saw, but without comprehending, the dim room with its low ceiling; the wide window, masked in with shutters whose edges were brilliant with the early light; the odd furniture and all the unfamiliar surroundings. Then came the insyitable self-question: "where am 1?" The realization of waking from such dreaming as hers is a rude and jarring process, and when it does come, comes with something of a shock. For what seemed a long time Joy lay in a sort of languorous ecstasy whilst memory because the latter those moments of

brought back to her those moments of the previous day which were sweeter even than her dreams. Again she heard the footsteps of the man she loved coming up rapidly behind her. Again she saw as she turned, in obedience to some new impulse which sway-ed her to surrender, the face of the man looking radiant with love and happiness. Again she felt the sweet satisfaction of living and loving when ils arms closed round her and her arms closed round him and they strain-d each other strictly. Again t here ame to her in the thrill which seemed to lift her from her earthly being as his mouth touched hers and they kiss-ed each other in the absolute selfent of reciprocated pass very passing memory of which set blood tingling afresh; the thrill leh set her soul floating in the ex-use of air and made all conventions panse of air and made all conventions of the artificial world seen far below seem small and miserable and of neither power nor import. Again she was swept by that tide of wild desires, vague and nebulous as yet, inchoate, elusive, expansive, all-absorbing, which proclaimed her womanhood to herself. That desire of wife to husband, of sex to sex, of woman to man, which is the dinal expression of humanity—the love song of the children of Adam. It was as though memory and dreaming had become one. As if the day had merged in the night, and the night again in the coming day; each getting as it the coming day; each getting as it came all the thoughts and wishes and fancies and desires which follow in the

train of the all-conquering Love-God. In such receptive mood Joy awoke to life. When she realized where she was; and when the import of her new surroundings had broken in upon her all the forces of her youth and strength began at once to manifest themselves. began at once to manifest themselves. She slid softly from her bed—the instinct of self protection forbade noise or else she would have jumped to the floor. Doing must follow dreaming! The attitude of standing, once again helped to recall the previous evening, and she remembered that she had thought then that she must not open



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went softly, her bare feet making no sound on the carpet. With the same instinctive caution she had opened the door noiselessly; when the self-protec-tive instinct had once been awakened, heaven of human life. Their circumstances but intensified Their circumstances but intensified the pleasure of the embrace. Athlyne and Joy had both felt the same communion of spirits when they embraced at their first meeting out of Ambleside when their souls had met. This had been intensified when they sat in close embrace after lunch beyond Dairy, when heart consciously beat to heart. Now it was completed in this meeting, unexpected and therefore it does not easily relapse to sleep. She went over to one of the windows and tried to look out through the chinks. The day was bright outside and the sun was shining; the fog had entirely disappeared. In the sudden desire t breathe the fresh morning air, and to free in the sunlight her soul cramped by the long darkness of fog and night, she threw onen the heavy shutters. meeting, unexpected and therefore more free and unhampered by pre-paratory thoughts and intentions she threw open the heavy shutters.
Athlyne slept so sound that he never stirred. He lay on the sofa on his left when body met body in a close if ten-tative communion. The mere paucity of raiment had force and purpose. They could each feel as they hung to-gether closely strained, the beating of each other's heart; the rising and falling of each other's lungs. Their breaths commingled as they held mouth to mouth. In such delirious rapture—for these two ardent young people loved each other with a love which both held to be but the very beginning of an atomal bond and when he knew that his love was reciprocated; when his call to his mate had been answered—answered in no uncertain voice. And so he, too, had lain with bodily nature all quiescent, whilst the emotional side of his mind raged freely between memory and expectabeginning of an eternal bend and which took in every phase, actual and possible, of human beings—there was freely between memory and expecta-tion. And in due process the imagina-tive power of the mind had worked on no place for forethought or after-thought. It was the hour of life which is under the guidance of Nature; to be looked forward to with keen if ignor-ant anticipation; and which is to be looked back on forevermore as a time the nerves—and through them on the body—till he too lay in a languorous semi-trance—the mind ranging free when the very heavens opened and the singing of the Angelic choir came through unmuffled.

For seconds, in which Time seemed to stand still, they stood body to body and mouth to mouth. The first to speak was the man:

"I thought you were in England by and at the knowledge that some stranger was in his room the habit of quick action which had prevailed in his late in the evening—and you were there all the time!" He indicated the direction by turning his eyes toward her room. His words seemed to fire her afresh. Holding him more closely to her, she leaned back from her hips years of campaigning re-asserted it-self. On the instant he flung aside his blanket and sprang from his bed. At the sound of the step on the floor Joy turned. The light streaming in through the unshuttered window showand gazed at him languorously; her words dropped slowly from her opened

through the unshuttered window showed them in completeness each to the other. The light struck Athlyne full in front. There was instant recognition, even in the unaccustomed garb, of that tall lithe form; of those fine aquiline features, of those dark flashing eyes. As to Joy, who standing against the light made her own shadow, Athlyne could have no doubt. He would have realized her presence in darkness and silence. As she stood in her fine linen, the morning light making a sort of nimbus round the opacity of the upper part of her body, she looked to him like some fresh realization—some continuation in semisethereal form—of the being of his dreams. There was no pause for thought in either of the lovers. The instant of recognition was the realization of presence—unquestioning and the words dropped slowly from her opened lips:

"Oh-h! If we had only known!"
What exactly was in her mind she did not know—did not think of knowing—did not want to know. Perhaps she did not mean anything definite. It was cally an expression of some feeling, of some want, some emotion, some longing—some primitive utterance couched in words of educated thought as sweet and spontaneous as the singing of a bird in its native woods at springtime. springtime.

Somehow, it moved Athlyne strangely. Moved the manhood of him in many ways, chiefest among them his duty of protection. It is not a commonly-received idea that man—not primitive man but the partially-completed article of a partially-complete pleted article of a partially-completed cosmic age—is scrupulous with regard to woman. The general idea to the contrary effect is true en gros but not en detaille. True of women; not true of a woman. An educated man, accustomed to judgment and action in matters requiring thought, thinks, perhaps unconsciously, all round him backwards as well as forward; but mainly forward. Present surroundings form his data; consequences represent the conclusion. Himself remains neutral, an onlooker, until he is called on tral, an onlooker, until he is called on for immediate decision and consequent

tion of presence—unquestioning and the most natural thing in the world that the other should be there. Delight had sealed from within the ears of Doubt. Unhesitatingly they ran to each other, and before a second had passed were locked tightly in each other's arms.

In the secret belief of the Conventional world—that belief which is the official teaching of the churches of an artificial society, and not merely the world of Adam and Eve (and some others)—the ceremony of Marriage in itself changes the entire nature of the contracting parties. Whatever may have been the idiosyncrasies of these individuals such are forthwith changed foregone, or otherwise altered to suit So it was with Athlyne. His instant ejaculation:

"Thank God we didn't know!" would perhaps have been understood by a man. To a woman it was incomprehensible. Woman is, after all, more primitive than man. Her instincts are more self-centered than his. As her life moves in a narrower circle her. life moves in a narrower circle, her view is rather miscroscopic than tele-scopic; whilst his is the reverse. Inals to more angelic counterpart; just as the "Philosopher's Stone" which the mediaeval alchemist dreamed of and asmuch then as he naturally surveys a larger field, so his introspective view

Joy loved the man; and so, since he had already expressed himself, consid-ered him as already her husband; or to speak more accurately considered herself as already his wife. It was therefore, with something like chagrin that she heard his disavowal of her views. She did not herself quite unviews. She did not herself quite understand what those views were, but all the same it was a disappointment that he did not really acquiesce in them; ray more than he did not press them on his own account—press them relentlessly, as a woman loves a man to do, even when his wishes are opposed to her own.

A woman's answer to chagrin is ultimate victory of her purpose; and a

mate victory of her purpose; and a chagrin of love is perhaps the strong-est passion with a purpose than can

animate her.

When Joy became conscious, as she did in a few seconds, that her lover following out his protective purpose was about to separate himself from her—she quite understood without any telling or any experience both motive and purpose—she opposed it on her part. As the strictness of his embrace lessened, so in proportion did here inlessened, so in proportion did hers increase. Then came to the man the recrease. Then came to the man the reaction—he was only a man, after all His ardour redoubled, and her heart beat harder with new love as well as triumph as he drew her closer to him in a pythonic embrace. Then she, too clung to him even closer than before That embace was all lover-like—an

agony of rapture.

In its midst they were startled somewhat by the rumbling of a motor driven fast seemed to stop close to them.

Instinctively Joy tried to draw away from her lover; such is woman's impulse. But Athlyne held her all the tighter—his embrace was not all love now, but the protection which comes from love. She understood, and resigned herself to him. And so they stood, heart to heart, and mouth to

mouth, listening.

There was a clatter of tongues in the hall. Joy thought she recognized the voice—she could not be sure in the distance and through the closed door distance and through the closed door—and her heart sank. She would again have tried to draw away violently but that she was powerless. Her will was gone, like a birds under the stare of the snake. Athlyne, too, was in suspense, his heart beating wildly. He had a sort of presage of disaster which seemed in a way to paralyze him.

There was quick steps on the stairs. A voice said: "There" and the door rattled. At this moment both the lovers were willing to separate. But be-

ers were willing to separate. But be-fore they could do so, the door opened and the figure of Colonel Ogilvie block-

ed the entrance.
"Good God!" The old man's face
had grown white as though the sight
had on the instant frozen him. So pallid was he, all in that second, that Joy and Athlyne received at once the same idea: that his moustache, which they had thought of snowy whiteness was but grey against the marble face.

(To be Continued.) the Charte Hutcher. Bears the WANT APS. CENT A WORD

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Fairfield County News.

Measles in Norwalk. Measles are on the rampage in Norwalk. At the present time there are about forty cases on hand, and the malady has caused quite a scare.

For Public Building .-Representative Hill has introduced a bill appropriating \$150,000 for a new public building at Stamford.

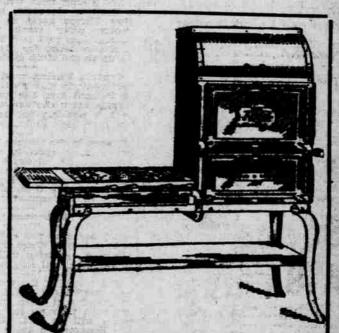
Admitted to Probate.

The will of Edwin N. Asten was admitted to probate at Greenwich, Saturday. Mary A. Asten, the mother of the deceased, was approved as executrix by the court. A bequest was made to Gertrude Asten Price, a sister, of \$2,000; the balance goes to Mary A. Asten. According to the petition, the estate is valued at over \$40,000.

Dedication of Church.

Two years ago on the night of the first Monday of May, 1907, the people of Danbury watched the old First Congregational church disappear in a

BRO



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GIRLS FOR SLEUTHS ENROLLED IN GERMANY

Berlin, May 5 .- The police adminisration, convinced that many crimes can be best traced by women, is establishing a corps of women detec-

Ten have already been enrolled. Some of them are mere girls.

They will henceforth be employed wherever it is likely that feminine intuition will be useful.

NO JAP CAN BECOME AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

Norfolk, May 5.-The petition of Namyo Bessho, a Japanese chief steward of the United States Navy, for naturalization, has been denied by Judge Edmund Waddill, Jr., of the United States Court for the Eastern

District of Virginia.

The court held that under the Federal statutes no Japanese or alien ex-cept of white blood or of African de-scent or nativity could become an American citizen, even though he has seen service in the United States Navy or Marine Corps. An appeal will be

COW BOY MAYOR CHOSEN AND LINCOLN GOES DRY

Omaha, Neb., May 5.—Omaha went Democratic in the municipal election yesterday by safe majorities for the leading candidates on the ticket, James C. Dahlman, the "Cow Boy Mayor," leading with 4,000 plurality. This shows a gain of about 1,000 over his vote of three years ago. The campaign was bitter, and Mayor Dahlman was assailed by two of the leading daily papers. He made a personal liberty campaign. John P. Breen, a lawyer, headed the Republican ticket. Mayor Brown (Democrat), of Lincoln, probably will be succeeded by a Republican, and it is probable that the capital discarded saloons by the option vote cast yesterday. Omaha, Neb., May 5.-Omaha went vote cast yesterday.

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Congregational church disappear in a mass of flames. Monday the new church which has taken its place was dedicated. The church is of colonial design, constructed of red brick with marble trimmings. It is 113 feet long and 63 feet wide. The tower is 145 feet high and is capped by a gilded dome. In the highest part of the tower are electric lights. The interior of the building is pure white with mahogany trimmings and mahogany colored carpets, cushions and draperies. There is very little color, however, only the choir rail, pulpit furniture, tables and chairs, and the arms and rails of the pews being mahogany. The church has a normal seating capacity of 300. The total cost was about \$115,000. The church was organized in 1696. Advertise in the Farmer. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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